PICTURES

Of { Passions, Fancies, & Affections.

Poetically Deciphered, in Variety of CHARACTERS.

By THO: JORDAN, Gent.

Et veniã pro laude peto, laudatus abunde
Non faſtiditus, ſi tibi Lector ero.

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PICTURES

Of PASSIONS, FANCIES, & AFFECTIONS.

Poetically Deciphered in variety of *CHARACTERS.*

The Parliament of England.

INVOCATION.

GReat *Genius* of my Country, whoſe bright eys,
Are macerated with our miſeries;
Whoſe unreſiſted royalty convinces,
The power of Prelacy, and pride of Princes;
Great Secretary to the Fate of Thrones,
That turn'ſt the wheel of Revolutions;

That

04.

That put'ſt a period to Imperial Stems,
And crown'ſt Conquerours with Diadems:
Beneath the ſteps of whoſe immortal ſtation,
Sits (the ſelected ſafety of our Nation)
The ſupream Power: Oh! pardon my intruſion,
If on bent knees, I beg the ſweet infuſion
Of thy cleer Spirit; which in ſacred ſlumbers,
May fill my ſoul with matter, phraſe, and numbers,
Pregnant and perfect: Let my impartial pen,
Picture the proper praiſes of thoſe men,
Whom Providence, by a decree of Fate,
Hath made the ſuccours of our ſuffering State.

The Character.

A Parliament, conveneth by the voyce
Of the beſt Natives, fitted for free choiſe;
In which no private Paſſion or Affection,
Should ſway the equal ballance of Election;
Where every man is juſt, and doth not waver
For future fear, nor yet for former favour:
They do not chuſe Old folly, nor Young neatneſs,
Unrighteous Riches, nor ungodly Greatneſs;
But their Election to diſcretion yeilding,
They finde fit timber for the famous building.
The grand Conjunction of the Nation ſignes,
To this Convention; where each man enclines
To actuate his *Countries good*, which he,
Prefers above his *life*, or *liberty*:

(Not

(Not born for * himſelf) doth daily ſtrive *1 Cor.
How he may meliorate the *Common hive*; 10. 24.
Where (as he led his life) he ſhines a Star
In Councel; or a Meteor at the Bar:
Here, men (like Surgeons) boldly do propound
Lancets and Salvo's, for the Publike wound.
Some Members are cut off, others are bound
Up; that they may preſerve the body ſound;
Nothing is unattempted to gain health,
When as the Patient proves the Commonwealth.
Here (without wrath) one Neighbour cals another
To ſtrict accompt; the words, Father and Brother,
Are uſeleſs; for who ever doth intend
Ill to the State, is voted no mans Friend:
Here all do take a reliſh from one Cup,
The poor man ſinks not, whil'ſt my Lord gets up:
It is not ſtrength ſhall break the publike Hedge,
But all enjoy an equal priviledge;
H E E that reſpects no perſons, bids us be
In point of Juſtice, Holy * even as HE. * 1 *Pet.*
The Parliament of England are indu'd, 15. 16.
With power to Conſtitute, Tranſact, Conclude,
To Make, Enlarge, to Alter, to Diminiſh;
To Nullifie, Revive, Repeal, Repleniſh,
In Church, or State; with purpoſe to advance,
By Law, by Statute, Act, or Ordinance:
All matters Civil, Common, Capital,
Criminal, Martial, and Municipal,
With Maritime affairs: It is indeed,
Our Nations Soul, and Body, the decreed

And onely Power to us, on Earth; whose use is,
To Right the wronged, and suppress Abuses;
Where sight-less Justice, is not set to sale,
Or forc'd, by th' weight of gold, to turn her scale:
Where the impartial, wel-enacted Laws,
Countenance nothing but an honest Cause:
To rectifie the wretched from such wrongs,
As may arise from Bribes, or Pleaders tongues:
It is a Sacred, and transcendent Session,
Where the unblemish'd Purple, daunts oppression:
The Poor mans refuge, and the Just mans care,
The True mans triall, and the False mans fear:
The Good man's Sanctuary, Bad man's grief,
The Weak man's prop, the Wretched man's relief;
The Patient man's reward, the scourge of Pride,
The Simple's safety, and the Nation's guide.

A Compleat Man.

His *Life* is our best method, and the Graces'
Compose him a fair Book of Common places
Directing to all vertues, that inherit
The glorious *Microcosm* of Bloud and Spirit.
His Birth, is not his boast: for he will treat
Of his blest Ancestors, as Good, not Great:
And though the Tapers of their Fame wax dim,
Th' illumination is supply'd by him;

Whose

Whoſe moſt enumerate Vertues make ſuch ſwarms,
You'l know his Houſe, better by's Arts, then Arms:
He ſtudies man, and doth extract from thence
A knowledge, gain'd by ſafe Experience:
So juſtly ſquare he is, that we may ſee
In him, Natures beſt Rules of Geometry:
A *Dye* without a *Chance*; whom Fortunes face
With ſmiles, or frowns, makes neither *Sice* nor *Ace*:
So uncorrupted with his Countries crimes,
He ſcapes their plagues, & fears no change of *Times*;
Who keeping in his own ſublimed height,
Elects Friends not by Number, but by Weight,
That never durſt admit of ſuch a Treaſon,
As priviledgeth Paſſion to rule Reaſon:
Whoſe ſelf-confining Edicts can maintain
All Acts of Parliament, to him are vain
And uſeleſs; ſince he needs no law at all,
Who to himſelf is a Law rational:
He is not one that mourns, or rejoyces
At new Events, according to moſt voices;
And thinks the true tract to Eternal Reſt,
Is not the Road which Moſt reſort, but Beſt:
For matter of Deportment, he'l ne'r fall
At odds, to ſee a worſe man take the Wall,
Aſſume the Table; or appear diſgrac'd,
If, amongſt many, he's ſaluted laſt:
In Argument, he treads a wary pace,
And you may reade your Errour in his Face:
In Diſputations of Religion, he
Barrs things Inſcrutible, or Myſtery:

His holy Actions ſuch a faith expreſſes,
That none ask what Religion he profeſſes,
Indep: or Presbyt: what he was, he's ſtill,
And will remain ſo, call it what you will:
Honour is not his aym, though he would have
That worth which makes juſt Honour truly brave.
Like him that is contented with the fate
Of a Squires Title, and a Lords Eſtate:
Calamities, and Court-preferments, he
Looks on with ſuch a Mediocritie, (him;
That though the firſt would vex, the latter love
Both alike move, but never can remove him.
He is that real *Argus* that can keep,
(In ſpight of *Mercury*) his eys from ſleep:
For flattery with an alluring tongue,
Like *Hermes* pipe, ſhall never do him wrong:
He loves his Equals, envies no Superiours,
And proves an humble pattern to Inferiours:
He ſafely ſits above, and ſees the ſalley
Of Peace-deflowrers, dye the verdant Valley:
Who 'gainſt his unknown foes, doth well agree,
To uſe his Breſt-plate, not Artillerie:
Conceiving though Hell threatens greateſt harms
To Man, yet Innocency wants no Arms.
He is a Tower ſo flank'd on every part,
By ſomething more then Mathematick Art;
That Envy, Pride, or Malice, cannot be,
The Diſ-compoſers of his unitie:
But every ſhot ſent from a Foe (perplext
At Goodneſs) proves prevention to the next.

His

His high reſolves fixt by divine conſent
Paſs Perſian Laws, or Acts of Parlament:
Thus with an even pace, wears many years,
Dying imbalm'd in good mens ſpiritual tears:
These are the Virtues make poor man compleat,
Whil'ſt *wealth* & *crimes* patch up the rich man *great*,
But never *good*; for Hell and her Complices
Contrive to bury him quick in his own Vices:
When t'others winged Soul aſcends the skies,
With contribution from each Good man's Eyes.

A Drunkard.

DOth drink himſelf away to drown his ſorrow;
A man in *eſſe*, one that will to morrow
Mend all his former Breaches, if his Groat
Do not betray him to a Mornings draught;
Which being with club-husbandry expended,
He cries to morrow, till the year be ended;
And in effect appears vainer than they
That would attempt to recall yeſterday:
The Pot and Pipe are wheels that give him motion,
He's like a reeling Ship ith' raging Ocean
Unpiloted; with all her Canvaſs ſpread,
If one a harbour get, t'other a bed:
By paſſing fatal imminent Events,
Both are ſecur'd without their own conſents.

He that is Lion-ſpirited in drink
Dares attempt more than ſober men dare think;
His wine-wrack'd brain betrays him to all faction;
With both hands dextrous for ſiniſter actions:
The failing of his tongue makes him appear
V x'd that he thinks of oaths he cannot ſwear:
Which want, preſerves his ſecrets from expence,
And proves a double (dumb) convenience;
Then, if he meet with no reſiſting Evil,
Small beer, and ſleep, may diſpoſſeſſe the Devil.
But there's your Antick-drunkard, he that reels
And makes his wife head, underſtand his heels,
That with his irkſom Dances will out-weary
Patience, and break his legs to make you merry,
Who hath as many ways to drink a health
As ere the Jew his father had for wealth:
That's deviliſhly affected with new oaths
And drowns himſelf in Frolicks, to burn Cloaths;
Who thinks there's no ſuch precious wit as that,
Th' aſtoniſh'd, wiſer People, wonder at;
And all that claim but common ſenſe, abhor it:
Yet as they wiſh, they have, they're laugh'd at for it:
But in the next Room look, and you ſhall view
One that doth melt himſelf in Maudlin dew
On ſober Cups, whoſe ſublim'd thoughts do raiſe
The liquid zeal with Tears, and Scripture phraſe,
Who with diſſolved ſoul upon the Boord
Not onely ſpils God's good Wine, but his Word;
Yet vows on Superſtition to trample,
Then drinks, and bids us follow his Example:

He

He much condemns the times, and doth expresse
A bitter anguish against Drunkennesse:
And fitly doth appear in this, like they
Who bear a light, and stumble in the way,
His urinary Eyes, as they do borrow
The moisture from the Pot, pay it in sorrow;
And if true penitence in tears are found,
His sin and penitence do run the round,
He sits and sighs, whilest the sad sitters by
Must needs conclude his sorrow makes them dry;
But yet he drinks to all, and doth prevent
Their pledge, as Masse-priests give the Sacrament.
Now all the liquor's out, for in his Eye
You may behold the juicelesse vacancy:
His Sluces (too) are shut, and by good chance
He sighs himself into a holy trance:
Therefore we'll leave him, and direct your Eye
On one that drinks by Rules of Policy:
Whispers blank Healths, and his discourse begins
With pinching arms, and kicking of your Shins,
And in his Winks, and Nods, cautelous he
Appears the very Map of Mystery:
Speak of a King, or State, and you may spy
A hundred Notions in his wary Eye,
To figure an obstruction; and will cry
This is no place to talk of Majesty,
Let's drink our Drink up; such a cautious Elfe
Will make a Jealous Fool suspect himself;
For he, in every twinckling of an Eye,
Would seem to reade some strange Discovery:

But

But it grows late, and he muſt needs diſpatch
To traverſe home, where (by the way) the Watch
Examines him, and finding him ſo ſlie
In anſwering, attach him for a Spie.
To conclude all, Drink is the ſouls diſquiet,
The wrack of Reputation, Road to Riot;
The Port to pains Eternal, the decay
Of Life, Goods, Honour; Hels broad beaten way.

A Melancholly Man.

IS one that lives in ſingleneſſe of folly,
Whoſe *Summum bonum* is his Melancholly:
A ſtray ſheep from the fold, a piece of Earth
Digg'd from a Quarry where the Lead takes birth.
A Lute untun'd, a ſtrange myſterious Fable,
Of one unſociably ſociable:
His ſighs are broken Air, and his hoarſe Hum,
Like a dead March, beat on a funeral drum:
The pleaſures of the world, and he, agree
As fire, and parchment, the Antipathie
Unto Time, Tune, and Mood, and wonders what
Men (when they laugh) ſee to be merry at:
A man of mingled thoughts, that onely tend
Unto a proſecution, without end;
One in whoſe head more drums and rattles are,
Than ſun-ſhine days diſplay in Smithfield Fair;

In

In company you'l finde him by these types,
He gnaws his gloves, cuts trenchers, or breaks pipes
And if you tell a story, you shall know
His approbation, by his I and No
Unpleasingly mis-plac'd, which strange applause
Hath i s direction from the Speakers pause:
He sleeps with open Eye-lids, and the theame
His fansie works on, is a waking dream
Of studied nothing, which at your departing
Vanisheth (Vision-like) with sudden starting:
He's the contriver of crosse arms, fixt eyes, (plies
Treads tractless fields, dark groves, and much com-
With mourning Mirtle, Willow, Ivie, and
The straying streams of an indented strand:
His walks are desarts, if he chance to see
The ruines of an old raz'd Priorie,
As motionlesse as the object he appears,
And sets his fansie back five hundred years;
His nights are vigils, where he nature wrongs
By measuring time, as Choristers do songs:
His own distempers make him turn so oft
From place to place, no pillow can be soft;
A down-bed is a quarry, a bare boord
Hath as much ease as feathers can afford;
He lies, sits, treads on thorns, and yet we may
Not hence infer, he is in Heavens way;
For Hell accounts such hapless fouls her own,
Whom black despair instructs to be alone;
His practise are strange looks, and doth professe
The egregious garb of studied carelessnesse,

Yet

Yet vexeth at your Boots, to ſee you go,
With not a ſpan, diſtant from Top to Toe.
But this mad Malady doth often ſpring,
From the ſoft Miſchiefe of ſelf-humouring,
Or an affected Pride; which being croſt,
The World and he, are to each other loſt;
And prove ſo potent in imperious paſſion,
They ne'r admit of Reconciliation.
He's no Religion, though he do inſiſt,
Much on the Tenents of a Separatiſt;
For ſuch repugnance is in fleſh and blood,
Men when alone, ſeldom converſe with Good.
If this diſeaſe proceed from being croſt
In Love, and's amorous expectation loſt;
There's nothing more his extaſie can move,
Then ſad *Romancies*, where men die for Love;
Who by a queint intelligence doth finde,
That Birds chaunt out his griefs 'gainſt *Womankind*.
He knows yon Chriſtal Brook, or ſilver Boorn,
For his unhappineſs, are taught to mourn;
And in cary'd Characters, each Tree ſhall tell,
The falſeneſs of his faireſt *Florimel*.
But if the rancour of this diſpoſition,
Take root from being thwarted in Ambition,
The fierce reſentments make him male-content,
And (growing great) proves oft a puniſhment,
To peaceful Nations; on whoſe ruines, he
Reſolves to raiſe up Towers of Tyrany,
High as projected Babel; till it pleaſe,
God to deſtroy it, with all Languages.

He

He is the Bane of Government, the Fate,
And fierce affliction to the Church and State:
Not caring ſo his arrogancy thrives,
If the red purchaſe coſt three Kingdomes lives.

A Plundering Coward.

OF all our Martial Evils he's the worſt,
Who fain would write himſelf Man if he durſt,
His bulk, and needleſſe magnitude hath ſhewn
The ſymptomes of (what he's afraid to own)
An active honeſt man; although we may
Conclude, nought is more different than they;
There's leſſe antipathy 'twixt Lamb, and Fox:
Honeſt, and Coward, is a Paradox
So great, that wiſer Judgements may agree,
Poyſon and Balſam have a Sympathy,
Compar'd to them; He dares not be of that
Religion he muſt fight for; but is what
You pleaſe to call him, which (if underſtood)
It ſhall go hard, but he will make it good:
No man like him ſo guilty of detraction,
But hates the words of Sword, and Satisfaction;
The hour of Six, St *Georges* fields, the length
Of Weapons, with a Secondary Strength;
Such circumſtance as this hath power to kill,
More Flightning-like than the Weeks mortal Bill

Pre-

Preſented to a Uſurer, when he
Thinks of his crimes, and his mortality:
A Debtor meets a Sergeant with leſſe fear,
Or Indian Merchants Gallies from *Algier*;
Yet he's the onely thing that is moſt froward
To his own Tribe, & ſpeaks the baſe word *Conrard*,
With ſuch emphaticall contempt, as if
He were *Bellona*'s Officer in chief:
He'l lie (to) and be told ſo, yet you may
(For ought he knows) live many a fair day
Without accounting for't; no man as he
Doth bluſter ſo in civil company:
Or puts the Drawers and Bar-boy in fear;
But (if by hapleſs Chance) women be there,
His Dialect is Gunpowder, his frown,
Deſigns the ſacking of ſome ſtately Town:
His ruddy rhetorique ſpeaks nought but Wars,
Drums, Trumpets, Cannons, Granado's, Petars;
Hurting the Ladies with uncivil force,
To ſhew them how he charg'd a Troop of horſe,
And kild their chief Commander: Till they pray,
He will be pleas'd to fight no more that day:
At which he cries, Ladies I muſt confeſs,
This language is not for your gentleneſs;
I ſhall be ſilent, but will onely tell,
How by one Cannon ſhot ten thouſand fell,
At ſtorming of a City; then (it may be)
Ere that, ſome Gentleman relieves my Lady,
That knows his vapouring, to whom he dares,
Sooner breath Blaſphemy, then ſpeak of Warrs:

A Boy

A boy out-braves him, if he can but threat him,
And each man is his maſter that dares beat him;
(That's every man that knows him) to whom he
Hath vow'd Allegeance, Love, and Loyalty:
His Friend is one for whom he doth not care,
Becauſe ſubjected not to *love* but *fear*:
He's one the town rides without bit or ſnaffle,
Kick'd capable of every ſort of baffle;
And is contented to beſtow the ſtrife
(Receiv'd abroad) at home upon his wife,
Or quaking ſervants; nay, his very Doxy
Shall ſuffer, thus he grows reveng'd by proxy:
The Fidlers greatly fear him, whom he puts
To flight, or frets them to the very guts:
If Marſhall law for plunder han't deſtroy'd him,
Ile teach you by his habit to avoid him;
His look and language are both rude, and rough,
His plump corpes laced in with larded buff
Of primitive Cows skin, which he doth regard
So much, that all his actions are Cow-ward.
His hat pinn'd up, a black patch croſſe the noſe,
A heavy iron ſword, which fondly grows
To the kinde ſcabberd, and (the more to brave it)
A greaſie ſcarfe, fat as the fiſt that gave it.
But if he have a fortune, you ſhall ſee
His Cowſhip in more glittring braverv;
Of beaver, feather, ſilver ſpurs, rich hilt,
The medall of his General in gilt,
Yet is an Armies Cipher, and doth cumber
The place he rides in, to make up the number.

A valiant

CHARACTERS.

A Valiant Man at Arms.

HE is the Magazine of Mental treaſure,
A man that wants not Tincture, Weight, or
Whoſe Vertues are an everlaſting ſtory, (Meaſure;
With every Act, ſhewing the Makers glory.
He is the darling of a noble Nation,
And on the Liberal Arts frames his foundation.
(The Pedeſtal of Honour) for he knowes,
We meet as well with wiſe, as fighting Foes:
And that his judgement who leads Troops of Men,
Muſt be well vers'd in the Why, How, and When
Great *Actions* may be entertain'd; and be
Exactly skil'd in Counter-policie:
If in the Volume of his Anceſtry,
He reade no publique Acts of Chivalry,
He thinks his task the greater; and is fitted,
In all things, to perform what they omitted:
But if he finde it fill'd with loyal glory,
He well continues, and augments the Story:
Thus arm'd, his Princes Crown, & Countries Right
Gives him Commiſſion, to go forth and fight.
Raſhneſs he underſtands not, but is ſure,
It is no Vertue; and doth well inure
His care-devoted Minde with Patience,
The ready Road to free Intelligence:

Now

Now Arts, (and a Juſt cauſe) give him the power
Of a prevailing, Martiall Oratour;
Where with ſincerity, void of Invention,
His Language doth ſo meet the Apprehenſion
Of vulgar Auditory, that the Skie
Is fil'd with the Free Votes of Live and Die
With our renown'd Commander, who inſpires
Their hearts, as one ſpark lights a thouſand fires:
This Pleaſeth, but not makes him Proud, or grace
His new found Fate, with an Affected pace,
Or Garb oſtentative, as if he were
Something, he knows not how to make appear:
His ſpeech is Affable, his VVords are weight,
His Commands Gentle, his Directions ſtreight,
His Memory mature, his danger ſuch
It well expreſſeth that he is as much
In Storms, as State: ſo Provident of's Men
That he would not loſe One, to purchaſe Ten;
Yet his heroick Reſolution
Gives Twenty Quarter, rather then kil One:
And all his Cruelty is, he will give
Life to ſome Deſp'rate men, that would not Live.
His Souldiers Poverty finds ſuch regard,
From him, they'r never Paid, but with Reward,
Conceiving it an intereſt as due
Unto their Merits, as the Cauſe is true:
Onely a Coward wants his Love, for he,
Thinks better of a valiant Enemy:
And ſooner will preſerve a fierce Fors breath
Then ſave a Coward from deſerved Death:

His Army ſticks as cloſe unto a Town,
As Ivie to their Wals, And 'tis the Crown
Of his Ambition, that he dares to be
So near a Neighbour to his Enemie:
He parley's, Summons, takes their Propoſitions,
Signes them, & proves more firm to his Conditions
Than Perſians to their Laws, entring the City,
His Garb declares rather a noble Pity
Than an inſulting Pride, and nothing more
Invites him to become a Courtier
Than do the trembling Women, to whom he
Vows himſelf Guardian, not an Enemie:
No Bells rung, Bonfires made, but all is done
With ſuch a ſolid Celebration,
As if the Conquerour well underſtood
Triumphs are Terrours that be dy'd in Bloud:
This is the Man whoſe Acts give life to Fame,
And doth nobilitate his Countries Name:
Whoſe memory (ſweet as the pious prize
The Gods accept in a pleas'd ſacrifice)
Should be preſerved from the ravenous fifts
Of waſting Time, by our beſt Annaliſts:
Death is the Life of Good men, and ſince he
Muſt, at the laſt, ſhew his Mortality,
Let all great hearts attempt with active power
To practiſe what the Grave can not devour.

A Comple-

A Complemental Man.

HE is your humble Servant, and can be
(Two minutes hence) ſo to your Enemie;
He's often kiſſing of your hands, as if
He meant to play the Complemental thief,
And bite your Rings off; nor doth onely ſhew
An homage to your Hand, but to your Toe;
Therefore by Supervisors, much ſuſpected,
To be a man that's popiſhly affected:
A *non Conformiſt*, one that hath deny'd all
Deity Worſhip, to make Man his Idol;
He often craves your pardon, and will be
In fault, that you may practiſe Clemencie:
He tempts your faith with promiſes, and vows
Y'are ſuch a man, his Converſation knows
No parallel, then doth he reckon all
The *minor* Virtues, to the Cardinal,
And cals them yours, thanking th' auſpicious Star
Made your affections firſt familiar:
If (in this ſtudied Eulogie) by chance,
The wilde uncalculated Fancy glance
On ſome thing that doth tickle your opinion
With ſelf-conceit, & make you your own Minion:
Ye are caught unknown to him, and cannot be
Guiltleſſe your ſelf of the Conſpiracy:

Therefore in VViser men, much doubt it raiſes
When the Applauſe flows from a Flatt'rers praiſes:
Like that Philoſopher who fell in paſſion
To hear that Bad men, gave him Commendation,
Wondring what Evil he had lately done
That might provoke their Approbation:
His Polite words, like over-ſweet Perfumes
Delight the Noſe-thril, but the Brain conſumes;
Or ill compounded Viands, whoſe rich Taſt
Seduce the Sence unto a healthleſſe waſt:
But to a man that hath the queint reſiſtance
Of keeping his gay Courtſhip at a Diſtance,
That knows his practick Cringe, his ſtudied Phraſe,
The ſtarched Beard, with the ſmile-varniſh'd Face:
He hath as little hopes to work upon
As on a Saint, the Turkiſh *Alcaron*:
Plays, and a Dancing ſchool, have made him fit
To be eſteem'd (by his own Tribe) a VVit,
And from the Femal ſort his ſmooth words can,
Gain the applauſe of *pretty Gentleman*:
Civil, *well ſpoken*, that neglects the Road
Of common Garb, and does it *Alle mode*:
A Crittick in the faſhion, and hath ſpeeches
In praiſe of Ribbon points about the breeches:
Extolling theſe grave Times, that have begun
So punctual a Reformation.
The ſerving Creatures are his Apes, and know
His Nod, his Smile, his Simper, and his Bow:
The *Vintners* are corrupted with 't, and vent
Their vileſt VVine with deep-fetch'd Compleament,

Calling

Calling their faireſt rooms, furniſhed in faſhion,
By the queint terms of Good Accommodation
And ſuch words *ſquirted through the teeth*, as when,
They taſt your wine, like learned Cellar men:
Your Pluſh-tongu'd Mercer (to) it doth infect,
Who learns to Cozen you with Great reſpect;
And ſell his words ith' bargain: but you muſt
By your Belief, teach him the way to truſt.
We draw ſo much our Neighbouring Air of *France*,
That Complement (like an Inheritance:
Is Native) like Diſeaſes of ſucceſſion,
And ſticks, as cloſe as Primitive Tranſgreſſion;
What vanity it is ith' open Street,
Meeting your friend, to dance about his feet,
And he 'bout yours, as if you meant to ſhew,
The people tricks, whether they wil or no,
Or proteſt Friendſhip to the man you Hate,
And Promiſe what you vow to Violate:
Happy thoſe Times that could ſuch Men afford
Whoſe greateſt Obligation, was a Word;
Whoſe *if I can I will* was of more power,
And vallid, then the Oaths of a whole Hour,
Vented in this Age; when but Clapping Hands
Where Seals, and Signets, Bonds, & Counterbonds;
For nothing more hath cauſ'd this *Kingdomes mart*,
Then ſuch diviſion 'twixt the Tongue and Heart.

A Ruſtick.

IS a rude Son of *Adam*, who intends
To wear his Fathers Curſe at's Fingers ends:
His Cattle are ſo much his Conſultation,
They make him of a Beaſtly Converſation:
But his tranſport of Corn, expreſſes plain,
'Tis he the Proverb terms A Knave in Grain:
He is all Mortal, and we juſtly ſay,
His Compoſition is but Graſſe and Hay:
Virgil he knows not, yet hath skill concerning
Some Practique parcels of *Georgick* Learning:
He may arrive at Heaven, for each Day
His progreſſe lies thorow ſome thorny way:
And ſhould be ſtout, for though his Roof afford
No Gun, it is defended by the Sword
Of glorious Bacon, which in ruſt hangs by,
To hew the hunger of Poſterity:
Theſe Modern times moleſt him, ſince mad Blades
Have taught him Billets, Quarters. and Brigades
O Horſe, and Foot; which (for ought he can finde)
Are but new Words, made to deſtroy Mankinde:
He loves no Fighting, yet ſometimes a large
Party of Horſe will put him to the Charge;
But then he brags, though he be forc'd to yield
His Houſe, he will be Maſter of the Field:

He's

He's always doubtfull of his Guests, and knows
No nice distinction 'twixt his Friends, and Foes:
Which makes him Mute, and warily to hide
His grave Opinion, till he know what side
They fight for, and doth (cunningly) prepare
For either Party, one set Form of Prayer.
It is a Problem of most hard Digestion,
If (suddenly) any propound the Question,
To have his voluntary quick Consent,
Whether he be for King or Parlament;
And puts his Clownship in so deep a Trance,
He knows not what to plead, but Ignorance:
He would not have the *Service Book* put down,
For the two Weather Prayers (the onely Crown
Of his Devotion) which (for ought he knows)
May be some slender Cause, that his Grasse grows:
These cruel Times move him to much remorse,
Not that they kill the Men, but spoil the Horse,
Eat up the Grasse, yet can the sad Assertion
Procure no Writ of Trover, or Conversion
Against the Trespassers, whose warlike Words
Are Statutes, & whose Warrants are their Swords:
Yet though his Corn, and Cattle, wasted are,
'T has vers'd him in the Dialect of War,
For now he can rehearse to you at large
A Troop, a March, Battalia, and a Charge,
Retreat, Relief, a Battry, and a Call,
Then from a Colonel to a Corporal
Speaks Offices *gradatim*: nay, he knows
Not onely what the VVords are, but the Blows:

There's ſcarce a Woman in his houſe but ſhe
Can(naturally) train a Company;
Though he had rather ſimply underſtand
The down-right, thrifty, old Words of Command;
As Gee, Ho, Ree: and his blinde Troopers call
By the known names of Dun, Sorrell, and Ball:
But now his hopes are (and I hope ſo to)
That he ſhall plow in Peace agen, and go
In ſafety to the Market, though he dwell
Till Monday at the Tap, 'cauſe Corn ſels well:
And who doth know, but ſuch a time may come
When the blown Bag-pipe ſhall out-vie the Drum?
And the majeſtick May-pole have admiſſion,
To be erected, without Superſtition:
When *Meg*, and *Margery*, with *Siſs*, and *Doll*,
Shall be allow'd to dance their Bellies full;
And my rude Ruſtick (whom I do confer
Honor upon, in this wilde Character)
Shall be a hob nail'd Judge amongſt the reſt;
And gravely give his Cenſure who doth beſt;
VVhileſt his gray VVife, hath her Ambition full
Fraught with the Stile of Miſtris Conſtable,
At every VVord, and he erect his Noſe
(In pride) to think how Wealth, and Honor, grows
Upon his Shoulders, whom we'll let alone,
Till a *Sub pœna* bring him up to Town.

A Sea-man.

IS the Worlds Water-work, and may be ſaid,
(Juſtly) to have *a Swimming in his Head*; (mon,
With him the Phraſe our Country makes ſo com-
Is true, that *Time* and *Tide*, will ſtay for no man;
For wch he quits the Shore, his Drink & Drabbing,
To be confin'd or coffin'd in his Cabbin:
He knows the *Winds*, wth all their various Courſes,
Nominally, as Plow-men do their Horſes;
But cannot ſo command them: he is one
So dayly us'd to Inundation,
On whoſe tann'd Face ſo many Waves are hurl'd,
That nothing but the Burning of the World,
Could make him fear the latter Day, though he
Has but ſlow Faith, Fire ſhould conſume the Sea:
His ſteerage at the Helm, makes him appear,
Not very much unlike a Conjurer:
And all thoſe Waves, & Windes, that act their part,
About him, Spirits conjur'd by his Art:
What is a Thief's Deſpair, becomes his Hope;
One's Faith, and to'thers Fear, lies in the Rope:
The term of Freſhman is a great deriſion
Un.o the Trade, for He, and his Proviſion
Are pickled both alike, which (with their pea.ſon)
Renders them Creatures never out of Seaſon:

Pitch,

Pitch, Tarr, with heart of Oak, are the three chief
And naval Articles, of his Belief:
But nothing can beget a greater quarrell
Than Leaks, or Sparks, too near the powder barrel;
For though without theſe Elements he dies,
They are his ſtrongeſt, neareſt Enemies,
The Dangers of the Deep rather appear
A Merriment, than Object of his Fear:
And when his Piſcatory humor flows,
The mightieſt Whales are but his Play-fellows:
Sharks are his beſt Familiars, but (the more
His grief) his pretty Whiting Mop's on ſhore:
Onely a good Faith cures him, which makes her
A Votreſſe to her abſent Mariner:
And though the Shore injoy the ſacred Shrines
Of *Bacchus*, ſtill he's troubled with the Signes
Of *Taurus*, *Leo*, *Cancer*, *Capricorn*,
And ſome ſuch Conſtellations, that adorn
The ſcituation of the Zodiack,
Nay, he's acquainted with the jolly Pack
Of all the Planets, but 'twill hardly be,
That *Venus* ſhould ſeem ſociable at Sea;
Though it is Native to her; unleſſe he
Tranſport light VVares to *Lisbon* Nunnery;
Or carry cold meat to the Men that draw
Feminine hunger in *Virginia*,
Barbadoes, or *Bermudas*, where the Laſſes
(VVhich here in *England* were but broken Glaſſes)
Are cemented for VVives, and put ith' Faſhion
Of Honeſt VVomen, in a new Plantation:

His

His Climbing ſhews him proud, though the World (ſees,
He raiſes all his Fortunes by *Degrees*;
Without much diſproportion, we may vie,
His Sea-trade, with the Plowmans Husbandry;
A Ship's the Plow, a Rudder is the Tail,
A Stem the Plow-Share, Horſes VVinde & Sail:
One cuts the VVaves, the other Graſſe & Thiſtles:
The Boatſwain & the Plowman, uſe their Whiſtles:
The Ocean doth contain both Hills and Dales;
High Seas are Mountains, & calm VVaters Vales:
In all particulars, they are partakers,
One furrows Leagues, the other turns up Acres:
The Rocks are Hedges, and the Fiſhes be
More numerous (in multiplicity)
Than Beaſts are on the Shore; Nor doth the Sand
And Sea, prove leſſe preſervative than Land:
The *Husbandman* (by Heavens good advice)
Diſtributes Grain, the Sea-man Merchandice.
(At the ſame rate of Counſel) and 'twere good
Aſtrologie by both were underſtood;
When one hath Reap'd, and tother Peril paſt,
Both dance, about the May-pole, and the Maſt:
London's the Barn, where caſting off their *Armors*:
(Juſt) at the *Cuſtom-houſe*, he findes the Farmers;
And leaſt the ſubtle *Searchers* ſhould deceive him;
'Till all the *Goods* are brought a ſhore, we'l leave em.

A Common

A Common Souldier.

IS one that would ſeem Wiſe, and underſtand,
For Silence is his firſt word of Command:
He may be (by his Officers aſſiſtance)
Made mannerly enough to know his diſtance:
Six foot, or leſſe; One that hath cauſe to thank
His Deſtinie, he lives in a good Rank:
His Leader ſhould be right, for (ſink or ſwim)
March, or Retreit, he's bound to follow him:
He is a man whom Fortune hath bereft
Of Conſtancy, for to the Right, or Left,
He always wheels, and (like her frown or fleir)
One turn, converts the Van, unto the Rear:
Two ſhillings binds both him and his Comrade
Prentice to this ubiquitary trade
Of Marſhal Miſchief, and (whats ſtrange to me)
When they are taken Priſoners, they are Free:
With Knapſack on, Match, Muſquet, Band o' leir,
Pouder, Bullet, and Sword, he doth appear
Like *Mars* his Journyman, and (if Death ſtop
Not his advance) may prove Fore man oth' Shop:
Which is the firſt File-leader, and from thence,
(*Gradatim*) mount to higher Eminence:
For (once a Halbert gain'd) the very chance
Of war, yields Honour, by Inheritance:

They

They have one Cuſtom, Civil Law abhors,
Their Enemies, are ſtill Executors:
Yet (In a ſenſe convertible) complies
With us, for ours, ſometimes, prove Enemies;
These Souldiers are mad Surgeons, and let bloud
Ere the Diſeaſe, or Sign, be underſtood;
Their Pills are very powerfull for (to thoſe
They give them) one wil ſerve for a whole Doſe.
The ſame ſucceſs, ſomtimes, our Doctors know
Both uſe their Art, *Cum Privilegio*:
A Souldier (of all men) cannot agree
With Courtiers, what ſhould the Reaſon be?
They both love Honour, and, which is the prouder,
Is diſputable, both do deal in Pouder
And Plaiſters, to, although the Souldiers Glory
(In faith of Fame) have the beſt Salvatory:
Religion is a thing hee'l think upon
At better leiſure, when the Wars be done:
In the mean time, his Conſcience can agree
With bold *Bellona*'s red Divinity:
Whoſe *Baſis* is the Pedeſtall of ill,
And grand Commandement, that Thou ſhalt kill,
Pillage, Impriſon, Plunder, and do all
That is conducible unto the fall
Of him thou call'ſt thy foe; Patience, and Peace,
Are both Apocripha, and do increaſe
Plenty, and Pride; therefore reſolv'd they are
No Law ſhall be Canonical but War:
The Foe a deſperate Outlaw, whoſe abuſe
The Sword, Muſquet, and Cannon muſt reduce

To

To the ſame wilde Obedience, and ſhall uſe
Some ſtrange Religion, they are yet to chuſe:
This is my Souldiers doctrine, and the right
End of the wrong deviſe that makes him fight;
Little ſuppoſing that a wheel of State
Gives ſuch a powerfull motion to his Fate:
And whirls him round, untill his giddy Sence
Hath loſt the freedome of Intelligence:
But this is now his trade, and he muſt on,
March is the word, and Pay is thought upon:
His Quarters (to) are good, or elſe hee'l know
A reaſon why he may not make them ſo:
In brief, A Private Souldier is a man
(If rightly ſpirited) in whoſe ſhort Span
Of Life, the Officer that brings him on
May read rich Rules of Reſolution:
And not diſdain to practiſe; ſince the Stuff
Of Valour, doth not conſtantly line Buff,
Nor ride the barbed Barbarie, whoſe fire,
Is quicker then his burthen doth deſire:
A Souldier animally fraught with ſtore
Of mettle, is (though rugged) Gold ith' Oar;
So well inur'd to hardneſſe, he dares yeild
His Corps to the cold herbage of a Field,
And in the fury of the fowleſt weather
There join his *Muſquet*, and his *Reſt* together.

A Roaring

A Roaring Boy.

HE is the *Kingdoms froth*, the *Wiſemans Wonder*,
The *Coward's* Gallant, and the *Taverns Thunder:*
A thing diſguis'd in Noiſe, and one that findes
A great Delight in vying with the VVindes:
If Man's Life be a blaſt, we cannot form
His to be leſſe outragious than a ſtorm;
For at his Midnight Revels, in a Tavern,
He puffs like *Boreas* from the Northern Cavern,
VVhere Pots and Bacchanalians look next day
Like men whom laſt nights *Tempeſt* caſt away:
His frequent Jeſts are Blaſphemies, and ſwears
Such Oaths, the Hearers wiſh they had no Ears:
Hell-fire he fears not, for he knows (before
He goes) the Devil can but make him Roar:
He is the Devil's Agent, to perſwade
Our younger Frie of Gallants to his Trade:
VVho doth with ſuch myſterious craft deceive um:
That they are forc'd to Live by't, ere he leave um:
A Bail of Dice (which owe nothing to Chance)
VVith cheating Cards, are his Inheritance:
Then for his VVomen, he hath choice of Faces,
Learnedly regiſtred, with Common places
In his black Book (and for a Summ) you may
VVin on his gentle Nature, to betray

Your

Your Liberty unto ſome One, which he
Vows, hath but new loſt her Virginity;
Meerly drawn into it, by ſome great Lord,
Although by twenty names, ſhee's on Record
In both Bridewels; and every *Autumn*, fils
A Ream of Paper, with her Doctors bils:
So comes forth (like ſome book that had offended
The world) newly Corrected, and Amended.
  Theſe Creatures Annually do contribute
  To his Neceſſity, with Buff, Red ſute,
Dutch hat, and Bilbo, that muſt needs be drawn
When any of their Honours lie at pawn:
By which, he gains a liberty to know
Their Senſual ſheets *Cum Privilegio*:
And (for a ſurpluſage ſometimes) his Fate is,
To get *Morboſus Generoſus*, *Gratis*:
  He talks much of great Houſes, and 't is true
  He hath liv'd in them, Give the Divell his due:
The *Poultry*, *Woodſtreet*, *Newgate*, and *Bridewel*,
A Lordſhip which he willingly would ſell:
But that it is intail'd, and muſt deſcend
To the Heirs Femal: Nay, 'tis thought, his End
Will be in ſome Great Manſion, for the Stews
May purchaſe him, *Thomas*, or *Bartholmews*:
  It is moſt fit, Men that have liv'd as he
  Hath done, ſhould end their days in Charity:
But he's not come to that yet, now he Raigns
Like *Dominus fac*, with his Inglorious trains
Of new fledg'd Gallantry, who ſpread the ſtreet
With their pied Plumes, Sophiſtically ſweet

As the *Exchange* in Term-time, that invites
The new-dub'd Ladies, of our Country Knights:
He walks in *Weſtminſter*, where his wiſe Pate
Contrives ſome Criticiſm on the State,
Cenſures the Reformation, and would be
Content, the People had more Liberty:
Speaks of Arrears, although he nere did wraſtle
A Fall ith' Buſineſſe, beyond *Windſor* Caſtle:
Yet, for the Fighting Dialect, he talks
Moſt of *Duelloes*, where he ſtruts, and ſtalks,
Extends his large Man-ſlaying Arm, and cries,
They were too cruell, who did firſt deviſe,
This beating Men with Bullets, (ſo he might
Complain of them, which taught them firſt to *fight*
For any zeal he bears to't) though the Words
Of Slaughter, VVar, Combat, & drawing Swords,
He'll talk of, like illiterate Men, that throng
To hear Orations made in the Greek Tongue:
Thus is the Bubble blown, whom (aptly) we
May term, the Bliſter of Humanity;
The Timpany of Nature, the VVorlds VVen,
Man in Monſtroſity, from whom all Men
Should flie as from a Plague, when Death diſplays
His Mortal VVings in the Canicular Days;
That, but deſtroys the Corps, This, kills the Fame,
Health, Wealth, Life, Soul, the Body, & good Name.

A Uſurer.

BE it *known to all men by theſe Preſents*, that
This great Extortor, was a ſpurious Brat,
Sprung from the Spawn of *Mammon*, now, the Actor
Of Man's Confuſion, *Pluto's* chiefeſt Factor,
Oblig'd unto him in a thouſand Scrowles
To ingroſſe the VVorld, and lie Leiger for Souls:
One bleſt with Curſes, and ſuch Men do leaſt
Love him, in whom he hath moſt Intereſt:
His Life is Contradiction, and all
His thrifty Actions, Paradoxical:
He's Poor ith' midſt of Plenty, and doth grutch
Himſelf enough, becauſe he hath too much:
Extreamly Avaritious, yet would die
VVith grief, were't not for Prodigality:
Cruel ith' Act of Charity, for when
He parts with Coin, 'tis to undo the Men
That have it, which (if punctually they pay)
He curſeth them, becauſe they keep their Day;
And well he may, for it proves fatal to him,
His very Guardian Angels do undo him:
Money was onely made for Uſe, yet we
In him, finde Uſe the greateſt Injury:
Fear of the latter Day keeps him in aw,
For he fears Juſtice, though he lives by Law:

And

And doth much doubt the fatal Day ſhould come,
To hinder the receiving of a Summ:
Good Acts and Deeds he loves, if they conduce
To Gain, *Seal'd, and Deliver'd for his Uſe:*
And is ſo jealous, that he will not deal
VVith his own Father, without Hand and Seal;
Theſe words in Leaſes are his Luxurie,
To have, to hold, enjoy, and occupy;
VVhich by a vain Conſtruction, (us'd in Mirth)
Makes him Inceſtuous with his Mother Earth:
He hath a hundred Sutes, and yet his Back
Knows but one *Garment*, greaſie, patch'd, & black
As his own in-ſide; He is much at ſtrife,
That Law can grant no Leaſes for long Life:
And gratulates the happineſſe of them,
That liv'd i' th' Days of old *Methuſalem*:
That he hath read ith' Bible, yet his Faith
Is more in *Statutes*, than what *Scripture* ſaith;
And (like a *Sectariſt*) would fain conſent,
To nullifie the Laſt Commandement:
Nor doth he like the Second, it doth hold
Much againſt *Graven Images*, and Gold:
To a young Heir he's worſe than all the Birds
Of Rapine, that the whole Country affords:
He ſucks the Marrow, and it doth him good,
To glut his Avarice with humane Bloud
Of undone Debtors; till they grow ſo poor,
They're forc'd to beg an Alms at their own Door:
Gallants more ſpirited, are forc'd to ſpread
Their Wings in other Climes, and fight for Bread;

Knowing not how their Hungers to refreſh
But with expence of Bloud, to purchaſe Fleſh:
His hoarded Summs are but ſo many Stealths,
Conducing to the Bane of Common-wealths;
The State and People ſuffer, where ſuch Men
Ingulf the uſefull Treaſure, ſo that when
A State-ſecuring Army ſhould be paid,
Unequal Rates, unwillingly, are layd
On weaker Shoulders, which, too oft, have drew in
A Forreign Power, and prov'd a Nations Ruine:
Him and a Conjurer, Sathan doth fool
Alike, they both are practiz'd in one School:
The ſweet Sin makes his Intellect ſo dim,
He thinks he hath the Devil, when he hath Him;
The Scrivener, and the Broker, are his two
Aſſiſting Suffragans, that muſt undo
The ſliding Knots, of ſuch mens Fortunes which
Contemn the paltry Pride of being Rich:
Thus doth he waſte his ne'r-returning years,
In Dayly Stratagems, and Nightly Fears:
Whileſt the poor Widows Tears, & Orphans Cries,
Like the firſt Bloud-ſhed, do aſcend the Skies,
Till Death's Arreſt his greedy Corpes aſſail,
With ſuch an Action, that admits no Bail:
But muſt Eternally in Priſon lie,
Who, all his Life, dealt in Security.

A Priſon,

A Priſon.

A Priſon is a Period of the Law,
A living Sepulcher, where Men do draw
No Air, but what proceeds from ſad Complaints:
A *Purgatory*, from the which no Saints,
But Angels can releaſe them: 'Tis the place,
Where *Wildeſt* Men gain the habitual grace,
Of being *Staid*, and though they are bereſt
Of other Chattels, have a Houſe ſtill left
Admits no Sale, which (by the great reſort)
May properly be ſtil'd an Inn's of Court,
Where Under-graduats that never ſaw
The penal Statutes, here, do ſtudy Law,
And prove good Counſellers, for they importune
All Men to Providence by their Miſ-fortune:
It is the Rendezvouz of Raggs, a Place
So ſteril, men are ſeldom in good Caſe:
They may be Monſters, for unthankfull Fate
Hath taught them all a trick to be in-Grate;
'Tis (not unfitly) call'd Subtletie's Schole,
Where they can *See* day at a little Hole;
And ſome come hither onely for ſuch ends,
As may confer a Triall on their Friends:
A Houſe that little Charity imparts,
For Men do ſtill condemn their own kinde hearts:

They are Veſſels in a Calm, but the Freſh Gale
Of a Releaſe, makes them to hoiſe up Sail,
And lanch into the Deep, till, now and then,
Some croſſe Windes force them to their Port agen:
Serjeants are Men of War, and do moſt ſlaughter
Upon the Merchants at an Ebbing Water:
A Jailor is the Boat-ſwain, who ſtill watches
His barbrous time, to ſtow Men under Hatches:
Juries and Outlaries are Winde and Tide,
The fatal Upper Deck the Maſters ſide;
Anchors are Executions; and Extents
Are the rough Rocks, that many a tall ſhip rents;
Intricate Caſes are the Tacklings, which
Perplex the Minde; and Creditors the Pitch;
The Law to be the Load-ſtone doth not grudge;
Purſers are Counſellers, a Pilot Judge;
Attachments Cables, a long Term prevails
To be the Maſt, Chancery Bils the Sails:
Here, ſuch as have profuſely rioted,
May prevent Surfets, and be Dieted
With publique Charity; which I am ſure
Did never yet beget an Epicure:
Here, they talk any thing, for ſtill they cry,
They can but be in Priſon; and to die
(Their Hopes are come to ſuch a low Decreaſe)
Daunts not, 'tis but a new word for Releaſe:
The un-hung Chambers, with the numerous Beds,
(Where open-eyed they lay their carefull Heads)
Look like Church-yards, and we may aptly ſay,
Is a fit Emblem for the latter Day;

Where

Where, wth their *naked arms* ſtretch'd to the *Clouds*,
They riſe agen with neither Shirts, nor Shrouds;
The Beds are Duſt, Worms are the Lice and Fleas,
The dreadfull Summons, are the Jailors Keyes;
The Bail-dock *Purgatory*, and *Guild-hall*
A Judgement-ſeat, that ſalves, or ruines all:
All humors in this *vacuum* are hurl'd,
To make it an *Epitome* oth' World.
'Tis in it ſelf (though poor) a Corporation;
For the ſad Common-wealths men (by gradation)
Do clime to Offices, and, with equal Quarter,
Divide their Power, as if the City Charter
Were made their *Fundamental*; Here they Marry
Remove their Lodgings, carry, and miſcarry,
Buy, ſell, (nor do they want the Worlds Exactions)
Hold Controverſies, ſeverall Sects, and Factions:
Lend Money upon Pawns, they fight, and ſtab,
Are cur'd, pay Surgeons, ſwear, dice, drink, & drab;
Dance, ſing, write Books, in *Latin*, *Spaniſh*, *French*;
Study the Laws, in *Chanc'ry*, *Upper Bench*,
And *Common Pleas*; whileſt the Mechanick Blades,
Alter, make, mend, according to their Trades;
Some men have made this place a Counter-charm,
That may protect them from a greater harm;
But (in a Word) all men ſhall finde (that try)
'Tis any thing that tends to Miſery.

CHARACTERS.

A Raſh Man.

IS like a Ship miſ-guided on a Shelf:
Un-naturally Out-law'd by Himſelf;
He's Reaſon's Renegado; one with whom
The word Conſider, is too troubleſome:
That doth obey his Paſſion and Affection;
Whoſe Cogitation, is the Childe of Action;
He Loves, and Hates, but is too quick in Both,
Accounting Contemplation, a cold Sloth:
He Doth, and then Diſputes, he is a Man
Milde as a Brook, Wilde as an Ocean:
Fierce as a Lion, Loving as a Lamb;
In whom the leaſt proportion (that a Dram
Conteins) of Choller, ſhall beget more ſpoil,
Than Flame and Flax (incorporate with Oyl)
Mekes in a Magazine, that is oblig'd
To the Deſtruction of a Town beſieg'd;
He's Folly's Fire, and fickle Fortune's Frantick,
Paſſion's Peter, Love's Blaſt, and Angers Antick:
His Brain is Flint, Heart Steel, his wilde Deſire
Is Tindar: he that Croſſes him, ſtrikes Fire:
With all his Undertakings he goes on,
At the ſame Minute they are thought upon,
He ſayes, Conſideration is a Crime
Fetter'd with Lazineſſe, it loſeth Time;

And

And therefore (like a forward Man) will be
Always before his Opportunity;
But by that kinde of Care, he findes the Fate
That coming Early onely, makes him Late:
Men of profundity, that dare own VVit,
Know it is two things, to be Firſt, and Fit
In ſome Imployments; He whoſe ſad Condition
Upon the Scaffold, doth attend Remiſſion;
May in the Book of his reviving Fate,
Record in Gold, that Time he ſtay'd ſo late;
Then to be Firſt in ſome ſuch Enterprize,
Is Ruine, by the Rule of Contraries:
So are a Raſh Man's Actions, that refuſe
All Counſel, but what Will, and Paſſion chuſe:
He thinks that Temperance, and Patience,
Are onely Words, that want Intelligence:
And where he ſees their pure Effects ariſe,
He calls it Idleneſſe, and Cowardiſe:
His Ear is open, as his Hand is quick,
To any Sycophant, that comes to pick (Fury)
Thanks, for ſome ill-brought News, which (in his
He Credits more than ever Judge did Jury:
Another Mad-man's Challenge hath the power,
To call him (at a Sacramental hower)
From the high Altar, when the pious Prieſt
Communicates the holy Euchariſt:
With him, no Seaſon is unfit to Fight,
By Day, or Night: Moon-ſhine, or Candle-light;
Delay (he doubts) in ſuch a Caſe as this,
Concludes him Coward, So indeed He is:

For

For perfect valour, rightly underſtood,
Submits not to the Ebbing or the Floud
Of a hot Gall, but wiſely dares advance
His towring head, inveſt with Temperance;
At ſuch a ſeaſon, when the Deed alone
Shall be both Act and Vindication;
And cannot need that Penitence upon it
The tother has: *I would I had not done it,*
Pray pardon me, Let my Repentance waſh
The thought on't from you, I was much too raſh;
Ile make amends; And ſuch tame words as wou'd
Cauſe a cold Winter in the flowing Bloud
Of a high heart; but 'tis an equal Sentence,
That ſudden *Raſhneſs* ſhould meet ſwift *Repentance:*
For, commonly, to him he doth out-brave
This Day, to morrow he becomes a Slave:
He is a wilde, head-ſtrong, unbroken Colt,
A Wiſe man's *Warning-piece*, and the Fools *Bolt*;
The Coward's onely *Terrour*, Natures *Bubble*;
The Mad man's *Diſputant*, the Milde man's *Trouble*;
The Drunkard's *Ape*, the Virgins *Over-throw*;
The Devil's deareſt *Friend*, and his own *Foe*.
But, now I think on't, how ſhall all my Wit
Secure me, ſhould he Reade what I have Writ?
Ile ask his Pardon, and Ile vow withall,
When I write next to mak him *Raſh-on-all*.

A Cor-

A Corrupt Lawyer.

IS one that lives by Quarrels, a Beguiler
Of Peace, yet would be thought a Reconciler;
One whoſe beſt thriving is in troubled Times,
When the World's worſt, & People full of Crimes;
By his Art, men may fight at any diſtance;
Envy and Malice, are his chief Aſſiſtants:
He doth little in God's Name, for he brings
All Actions that be penal, in the Kings:
As in his Declaration *(Tolle Lege)*
You'l finde it writ, *Qui tam pro Domino Rege*:
Informers are his Clients, whoſe Poſſeſſions,
Are a large Record of the Laws Tranſgreſſions:
He is a Man of furious Reſolution,
That aims to bring all things to Execution,
And (by bad Circumſtance) it happens ſo
That the Defendant and the Plaintiff too
VVere better be at *Tiburn*, then extend
Their Purſes to Expences, without End:
For Lawyers (like the Irons that ſupport
Conſuming Fire-brands) do, with thrifty ſport,
Uphold their Clients, till Demurrs and Flaſhes
Have burn'd and buried them, in their own Aſhes:
Whoſe Ruine is the hapleſſe Introduction,
To one man's *Wealth*, and twenty mens *Deſtruction*:

Nor

Not much unlike the Butlers Box, which takes
Small parcels, till it carry both the Stakes:
Or *Æsop's* filly Warriers, whose fierce Fight,
Betraid them to the Rapine of a Kite:
So shall you see two Streams strongly contemn
Each other, till one Ocean swallow them.
Such Irons, Boxes, Kites, and Oceans, are
Those whom I aim at, in this Character.
Yet somewhat in him merits Approbation,
He doth not much encline to Innovation;
Or any thing which toils the Apprehension,
With the *Ænigma* of a new Invention:
But (very Orthodoxly) is content,
That all things shall be done by President:
He's one to whom no action comes amiss,
But what appears in *Forma paueris*.
And those he looks upon with more vexations,
Then Usurers when they're to pay Taxations;
Or those rich Jews, when they enforced are
By the Great Turk, to set forth men of War
At their own charge; No just Cause seems so sweet,
As what supports it self on Silver feet:
Religion is a Term he'l think upon,
I' th' Country, when all other Terms are done.
For you must note, when first he took Degree,
That he sued Conscience to an Outlary:
But I believe, 'twill strike him in some terrour,
At last Return; to see Her writs of Errour:
When all his subtleties shall be expresst,
And censur'd by that Jury in his brest:

When

When the Infernal priſon ſhall appear
A little worſe than *Hell* at *Weſtminſter*:
But theſe are Phanſies, that can raiſe no Paſſion
In Men uncapable of Contemplation:
Why ſhould his Rumination be hurl'd
At the vain Fictions of another World?
Is there a Court which can return Denials,
To Him, that hath endur'd ſo many Trials,
Judgements, and Executions, as would make
The very Fabrick of a County ſhake?
No, no, go on, and let the Country know,
What 'tis to Quarrell, or (what's worſe) to go
To Law; and, moſt eſpecially, when He
That is their Advocat's their Enemy:
Like thoſe deſtructive Aides, which (undeſir'd)
Offer Aſſiſtance, when a Houſe is fir'd,
And, at the ſad Concluſion of the ſame,
Return a worſe Conſumption, than the Flame:
Not that I think the Law is ſo, but grieve
I have ſo great a Reaſon to believe,
Did not Law bound us, we ſhould prove the worſt
Nation, that ever the Almighty curs'd:
So ſelf-deſtructive, and ſo barbarous,
That even Heathens, would be Saints, to us:
Therefore my Heart ſhall ever yield applauſe
(Next unto my Religion) to the Laws.

A Noble

A Noble Spirit.

IS Man in his Sublimity, whom Fate
Can not ſubject unto a ſordid ſtate:
Whom Poverty (with all her needy Train)
Incites not to the ſlavery of Gain;
Whoſe Freedom is that *Magna Charta*, which
Admits no Diminution, though the Rich
Revenue of both *Indies*, did conclude
To buy the Purchaſe; One, whoſe Nobly rude
Unpoliſh'd Bravery, contains a Jem,
Would dignifie the greateſt Diadem;
In whom that Intellectual Eſſence ſprings,
Which glorifies the Soveraignty of Kings:
Whoſe radiant Reaſon, hath diſpers'd all Paſſion,
To give his Actions free Illumination;
He lends Life unto Honor, and his Name
Fixeth a Title on the Creſt of Fame: (Dreſſe,
His *Looks* ſpeak *Pride*, but could you know the
He wears within, his Minde ſhews nothing leſſe;
His Garb (indeed) is ſtately, and he can
Sooner kiſſe Death, than cringe to a Great man,
Flatter a Prince, or be induc'd to go
Againſt his Conſcience, 'cauſe the World doth ſo:
He ſcorns to ſtrike his Top-ſail to the vain
Pride of that Man, who will not vail again:

Though

Though Bloud, Riches, and Dignity accord,
To grace him with the title of a Lord:
And nothing more provokes his diſcontent,
Then to abridge him a due Complement:
Therefore he meets all men with due Reſpect,
And is more ſenſible of a Neglect,
Then ſome of Blowes, and doth (alike) deſpiſe,
Diſſimulations and Calumnies:
No man is more the object of his Hate,
Then He that would his Worth extenuate.
Nor is there any Man hath power to cauſe,
A ſelf-opinion in him, with Applauſe;
So juſtly ballanc'd, that the even Beam,
Enclines not to admit of an Extream:
He is a man that lyes ſo truly ſquare,
Fortune is not his Miſtreſs, nor his *Fear*:
The glory of her Glance doth not delight him,
Nor can the fury of her *Frown* affright him:
As no man is more capable then he,
In apprehenſion of an Injury;
So is it rare to finde a diſpoſition,
Of ſuch propenſitie unto Remiſſion:
His *Love is fineleſs*, but his fickle *Hate*,
A Moments time may amply terminate.
Although he be moſt juſt in the exaction,
(After a wrong receiv'd) of Satisfaction:
Which is ſo well contriv'd, he ſeems to take
It more for *Juſtice*, then for *Angers* ſake:
His Tyranny is exercis'd upon,
None but himſelf, for if a wrong be done,

By

By him, unto another, he will nere
Contentedly, forgive the Injurer;
But with inceſſant Murmur, and Vexation,
Deny himſelf all hope of Expiation:
He's One ſhall ſooner in a mortal ſtrife
Expire, than poorly be oblig'd for Life:
Not that he would not live, but hates to be
So much engag'd unto his Enemy;
Curiouſly fearing, that it ſhould be ſaid,
He wears a Life, his Fate had forfeited:
If (in the progreſſe of his Dayes) he finde,
The Nation's favour gratefully inclin'd,
By adding Honour to his Souls enjoyment,
He ſets a Luſtre upon all Imployment;
Whoſe Honorable Actions may exhort
The growing Gallantry of Camp and Court:
And after Ages ſhall record his Story,
As one that liv'd and dyed his Countries Glory.

A Mountebanck.

IS a Stage higher than a Quack, a Thing
Nurs'd by Corruption, to whom the Spring,
And Autum, prove a Harveſt, He is One
That is of All, or No Religion:
His Life is helliſh, for he always gains
His Suſtenance upon the Peoples Pains;

His Stage is built on Barrel heads, but he
Is beſt ſupported by Infirmitie;
His new-built Shop looks like an Antick School,
Where He, his Wife, a *Madman*, and a *Fool*,
Epitomize the *world*; which is the Cauſe,
His vain *Spectators* give him ſuch Applauſe:
His Origin of living did conſiſt,
Much on the Charcoal of an Alchymiſt:
Then ſerv'd a Doctour, till his skill did crawl,
Up to the *judgement* of a Urinal:
After he Practiz'd, but his Art did lye,
Moſt commonly, with Piſs-propheſie:
Which happen'd as infallible as Fate,
Aſſiſted by a good Confederate.
The Midwives, and the Nurſes of the Town,
Were his *Decoys*, and char'd, till all was known;
Then he remov'd himſelf, and did repair,
(For health) unto ſome more infectious Air;
For he is one of ſuch a groſs Extraction,
That nothing keeps him Sound, but Putrifaction:
There his Experiments begins on *Rats*,
Practiſeth poyſons upon *Dogs* and *Cats*;
(They are his *Patients*) *Knowledge* muſt be won,
Though it depend upon Deſtruction:
Then his large Bils, in Text, advanced high,
(For an obſtruction to all *Paſſers* by)
He plants in publike *Places*: where he pleaſes,
To undertake the Cure of All Diſeaſes:
When all that judgment values not a ſtraw,
But what lies in *Lues Venerea*:

Or ſome ſuch *Paris*-practice, which implores,
The vile aſſiſtance of unwholſom *Whores*:
And all the worth, his vacant *Skull* affords,
Is but a ſtudied Catalogue of *Words*.
Virulent Stranguries, inteſtine Tumours,
Hypochondriacus, Malignant Humours;
Sordid and ſanious Ulcers, Phlegmon, Fluxions,
Hepatick Inflamations, and Obſtructions:
Hydropick Swellings, Fractions, Diſlocations,
Gangrena, Gangleon, with all *Vexations*.
And then a more then mortal Patience tames,
With the impertinence of *Authors* Names:
As divine *Æſculapius, Cornelius*,
Undoubted *Dioſcorides, Farnelius*;
Empedocles, Galen, Hipocrates,
Wiſe *Theophraſtus*, and *Democrates*:
Albertus Magnus, Great *Archigines*,
Beſides a hundred more; which he doth pleaſe
To coin himſelf, of ſtranger obſtruſe ſtuff,
Leſt his weak brain ſhould not be bad enough,
Who is his Patient; and may juſtly fear,
The worſt Diſeaſes enter at his Ear.
Come to his Chamber, and his Library,
Looks like the Study of ſome Antiquary:
Adorn'd with the ſowr ſight of *Sceletons*,
Embalmed Limbs, ſtrange *Beaſts*, and pendant *Bones*;
With tedious Lectures on them, that would quite
Deſtroy the patience of an *Anchorite*:
His *Folio Books*, like ſome great *Conjurers*,
Are madly ſtain'd with Rubrick *Characters*.

Of

Of no Intelligence, unleſs they be,
The *Hieroglyphicks* of his Extaſie:
Yet theſe phantaſtique toys, ſerve to advance
His Name, where Money is, and Ignorance:
When in his Cheſts, good ſtore of Coyn is hurld,
He gains a Pattent to ſurround the World.
With no leſs Miſchief, although mask'd wth Mirth,
Then Satan, when he compaſſed the Earth.
But leſt I ſhould by ſome miſconſtru'd be,
That I am *Lady Phyſicks* Enemy;
My juſt requeſt is, that I may refer,
Them to the title of *My Character*;
My *Pen* ſhall never fix a ſtain upon Her,
For 'tis an *Art*, I infinitely *honour*.

A Whore.

THat *Cradle-Curs'd Impoſtor*, is a *Whore*;
Which Bad men moſt *deſire* yet moſt Abhor:
Priz'd in the heat of bloud, at coſtly rate;
A Diſh they feed on, ſurfet, and then hate:
Who traffiques for Diſeaſes, ſpends her *Youth*,
In luckleſs Riot, void of Care, and Truth:
That ſels her ſouls Inheritance, to win
An Heritage in death, dear bought with ſin:
If ſhe arrive at Age, her beſt reward,
Is *poor*, *old*, *ſcorn'd*, and *begs* without *regard*:

She's the unhappieſt *Workman-ſhip* of Nature,
The fouleſt *Fiend*, hid in the faireſt *Creature*:
Damnation cut in *Chryſtal*, heaps of Flowers,
Scatter'd upon a *Viper*, which devours,
The gathering hand; A ſubtle, ſhining, White
Path, to the *Pallace* of *Eternal Night*:
Stars in deep Waters, which when vain men think
They ſhall embrace; in the ſoft Ruine, ſink.
A Shrine-like-ſhewing Sepulcher, which owns
Nought but the primitive duſt of putrid bones:
The Devils fair Decoy, the *True-love Cheater*,
Poyſon'd Perfumes, Suckets that rot the Eater;
Shipwracks in calmeſt weather; Bels that have
But one Tune to the *Bride-bed*, and the *Grave*:
They are cold *Scythian* Winters, that appear,
So full of *barrenneſs*, as if the *Year*
Had forfeited the *Spring*, and would degrade,
The World of that, for which it firſt was made:
Your Stately, Rich, and *Lord-beloved Whores*,
Are Treaſuries which vilde Extortion ſtores,
And ſtudious Riot empties; for what they,
Purloin from One, ſome Other makes away.
Philoſophers in vain you ſeek to finde,
Out *Local Hel*, in the vaſt *Air*, the *Winde*,
Or Centre of the *Earth*; for (*ſans* diſpute)
'Tis in the boſom of a Proſtitute;
Like *Hell*, they act deſtruction unto Man,
No Nation ſcapes; the *French*, the *Italian*,
The lofty *Spaniard*, and the luſty *Dutch*,
From him, whoſe Age depends upon a *Crutch*,

To the unbearded *Youth*, that ne'r put on,
The long-wish'd Jubilee of Twenty one;
Men of all Qualities are thus betraid, (paid:
They're worse than Tributes in th'Low-Countries
Exactions upon all sorts of Provision,
Meat, drink, sleep, clothes, nay even on mans *perdition*,
They do (like Vultures) on Ill-livers gnaw,
And are those brittle Ev'dences of Law;
(Examin'd by some over-curious Pate)
Which forfeit all a wretched Mans estate,
For leaving out *one syllable*: They be
Worse then dead bodies from the fatall *Tree*,
Begg'd by *Chirurgions*, and wrought upon,
To teach a man (by such dissection)
Wherein he is imperfect; She is worse,
Then all Ingredients made into a Curse.
And (though she merit it) there's nothing more
Afflicts her, then the hateful Name of Whore:
Which represents the horrour of her shame,
To profess that, which she's afraid to Name:
The careless Customs of her curs'd offence,
Expel the thought of Prayer, or Penitence:
Her tempting Eys are most unhallowed Lamps,
And, like false Coyn, which, whosoe'r first stamps,
Though the Contriver subtly may leave it,
Shall bring in Question all men that receive it.
Such is a *Whore*, whom *Pride*, and *Lust deforms*,
First *rots*, then *dies* a poyson, to the *Worms*.

A Virtuous Wife.

IS, to her Husband, all we can call good,
That hath affinity with Fleſh and Bloud:
Her Chaſter thoughts are ſo Divinely ſwayd,
Although a Mother, ſhe's a married Maid:
In that her Converſation doth diſpenſe
It ſelf no further then ſafe Innocence
May wiſely warrant, She's an Enchiridion,
To her kinde Conſort, fill'd with true Religion;
Which is her higheſt Learning, and the Stone
Lay'd to ſupport her Life's foundation:
Her Paſſions are ſo regularly ſweet,
That his Diſtempers, and her Mildeneſſe, meet
Like Flint and Feathers; for ſhe truly knows,
From vain Reſiſtance, vile Diſ-union grows:
She's of her Husband's Counſel, though reſpect
Inſtruct her to Adviſe, more than Direct;
And of his Privacies ſo (wiſely) wary,
She may be ſtil'd his Hearts beſt Secretary:
They are ſo much One, that whatſoever Fate
Beſtows on Him, She doth participate;
His Sorrow, is her Sadneſſe, and his Mirth,
(Occultly) doth beget a blooming Birth
Of Joyes in Her; And, as I have been ſhewn,
Two Needles touch'd with one Magnetique Stone,

And

And fix'd upon their Centers, though an Ocean;
Divide them, yet, *One* touch'd, gives *Tother* motion:
So is it with this loyal Pair of Creatures,
No Diſtance makes Antipathy of Natures:
She is Man's better *Genius*, and it is
(Almoſt) impoſſible, that any Bliſſe
Should be a ſtranger to him, whileſt her Care
Devotes her humbled Heart, and Knee, in Prayer
For his Proſperity, whoſe Hands and Eyes,
Are Sin and Sorrow's ſincere Sacrifice.
Her temperate Speech is ſo divinely calm,
And from her Ruby portals, ſpring a Balm
So pretious, and invaluably Pure
That Love makes every Kiſſe become a Cure:
She's never Jealous, 'cauſe ſhe doth not know
By what ſtrange means 'tis planted, or doth Grow:
Yet (rightly) thinks they cannot be without
The Guilt of Soul, who deal too much in Doubt;
And therefore (piouſly) doth well prevent
The Plague of both, by being Innocent.
Her Angel-Iſſue that about her Knee
Make her appear (as ſhe is) true Charity;
Beget a Joy in her tranſcend Expreſſings, (ſings
And prove (what they were Meant) the Parents bleſ-
At whoſe Conception ſhe did well agree
His *Name* ſhould rather win priority
Than levity of Bloud, ſcorning the ſhame,
Which the Act ſhares, ſhould nullifie the Fame
Of Generation, and that they ſhould be
Onely the Fruits of Geniality:

Her own Example, is a powerfull guiding
Unto her Servants, that prevents all Chiding,
Or ſuch domeſtique Noiſe, as makes the Act
Of Dehortation, worſer than the Fact:
As I have heard an in-harmonious Chime
Of Words, convert the Counſel, to the Crime:
There is ſuch Language in her Looks, her Eye
(Without a Voice) directs a Remedy;
Which is not ſo auſtere, but you may ſpie
Love mix'd with Power, Meekneſſe with Majeſty:
Her Care is in her Houſe, where ſhe confines
Her Thoughts, as well as Feet, and much inclines
To Uniformity, for you ſhall finde
The Order of her Houſhold, like her Minde;
And ſo her Dreſſe, in which, ſhe doth comply,
That cheapeſt Fitneſſe, is beſt Bravery:
She is the *Old man's Crutch*, the *Poor man's Treaſure*,
The *Raſh man's Remedy*, the *Young man's Pleaſure*;
The *Wiſe man's Jewell*, *Noble man's Renown*;
The *Peaſant's Reſt*, the *King's imperial Crown*;
The *Sick man's Salvatory*, *Souldier's Fort*;
The *Merchant's Providence*, the *Pilot's Port*;
Which, if he loſe, He ſoon ſhall underſtand,
That his worſt Ship-wrack was upon the Land:
But if Grim Death, his Lamp of Life ſhall ſmother
He doth but change one Heaven for Another.

FINIS.

William Horatio Crawford
LAKELANDS
CORK